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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF

Netterville:

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAP. XXVI.

AS soon as propriety would permit, after the death of Mr. Nelson, I gave my hand at the altar to Lord Clanrick; and a short time after this event, we quitted the place where we had resided, for Clanrick-Hall, in Scotland, which came to my Lord, together with the title of Newark, on the death of his father.—Here we were soon comfortably and quietly settled.—I became pregnant, which increased Lord Newark's attention both to my Clara and myself; I can truly say, I think he loved my child with an affection which could scarcely admit of an increase.—Our habitation was situated in the Carse of Gowry, which is generally esteemed one of the most delightful and fertile spots in Great Britain.—The house itself was built on the side of a small eminence, sheltered on the north by immense mountains, on the east and west by romantic woods, whose far-stretching luxuriance, while it saved the mansion from the blast, gave both beauty and verdure to the surrounding landscape: to the south, an extensive lawn presented itself to the view, and from the windows which faced it, might be seen several handsome seats and villas, and a distant prospect of the town of Perth.—I would give you, my love, some account of the house itself, which had been modernized in the time of the grandfather of the present Lord, and was, in every respect, commodious and convenient; but it would take up too much time, and besides, I am impatient to come to the conclusion of my narrative, for I have much yet to relate. The attentive kindness of Newark left me nothing to wish; and if I did not love him with the same ardor I had formerly done your father, I experienced the sincere and animated feelings of gratitude and friendship, which bestowed on us almost perfect felicity.—Alas! it was too great to be permanent—the kind sympathy with which this generous man heard the lamentations and garrulity of Mrs. Nelson, the deference he always paid to her opinion, the warmth with which he joined in her eulogium on her husband, and the respect he always paid her, made her almost idolize him.—To you, my Clara, he became a constant companion and play-fellow, and promised himself much happiness, as you grew up, in instilling into your mind the precepts of religion and virtue, and in witnessing your improvement in the numerous accomplishments he would affirm you had a genius for.—It was near the time in which I expected to bring an increase to the family.—Ah! in such a happy and united one as ours, it was a circumstance to which we all looked forwards with delight, as it promised an increase to our felicity—we had said, that if it was a boy, it should be named after the good Mr. Nelson; and my aged friend had promised to be one of its sponsors.—Business of the utmost importance called Newark from us just at this period; he left us with a reluctance, which he in vain tried to disguise. I kept up my spirits, and promised, at his return, to present him a fine boy, as a reward for this little absence. He pressed my hand, and we separated—*never*, Clara, to meet again on earth!

It was only one evening after his departure, that, as Mrs. Nelson and myself were sitting together in the break-fast-room, one of the servants entered in great apparent alarm, exclaiming—"O, my lady, my lady! there is a woman, or the apparition of a woman, sitting on the stump of the old oak in the lawn; and I have spoken to her several times, all to no purpose; all the shouting in the world will not make her speak." I demanded if any one had seen her besides himself? "O yes, my lady," replied an old Scotch servant of Newark's, "Duncan has seen her; an ye mun ken, that old Duncan Macpherson is afraid of any thing worse than himself—by the kirk, but I think it too dreadful a night for even the de'el himself, with all his fire, to be abroad."—"Well," returned I, "John will assist you in persuading her to come in."—"My lady!" said John, turning as pale as death,—"God forgive me, a poor sinner, I would do any thing in the world to oblige so good a lady—but to talk with a ghost—an unnatural being—a *habitation* of the air—why, its more than mortal flesh and blood can bear; for why, my lady, would any one in their sober senses sit out there, when the rain pours down in buckets full, and the wind blows quite a hurricane?—O Lord, I would not go near her for the world: bye and bye, we shall hear her go off—*friz!* and see a ball of fire—God only knows on what errand she may be come.—God send that my master be not dead; something or other will come of it, no doubt, and no good, I fear."—"You told me, just now, Duncan," said I, "that you were not afraid; I am sure I have no fear of meeting with a supernatural being—will you go with me to the place where you say you have seen this being?" Mrs. Nelson now endeavoured to prevent my going out, as

she was fearful of the consequences of any alarm in my situation; but I was resolute; and, with an air which neither of the men dared dispute, I commanded them both to follow me. The rain poured down in torrents, the wind whistled over our heads, as we proceeded down the lawn; we could scarcely keep in the light in the lanthorn. As we approached the spot before-mentioned, I perceived a female figure, to all appearance motionless, sitting with her arms folded. I spoke to her several times, but obtained no answer: I took hold of one of her hands —she heeded me not "Will you not," asked I, earnestly, "come into the house, it is dreadful weather?" She started, looked in my face, heaved a deep sigh, and casting her eyes on the ground, replied, "I have seen worse, much worse nights than this—what is this storm to the one here?" She laid her hand on her heart, and again relasped into the former taciturnity. "For the love of Heaven!" cried I, "consider the consequences of a longer stay in this place, you will certainly catch your death."—"Once," replied she, in a disconsolate and melancholy tone, "once I wished to live, once I was happy; but the storm came and took my love; he went towards the sea; I have been dead; I am risen from the grave; I am now come to seek him—where is he?"—"She must be carried into the house by force," said I.—Duncan took her by the arm; she uttered a piercing shriek, then burst into a loud laugh, and began to sing in a piteous tone of voice,

"O, cruel was his father, which sent my love to sea;
For I love my love, because I know, my love loves me."

and suddenly rising, she attempted to quit us; but her strength was intirely exhausted, and she sunk lifeless at our feet. The servants then bore her into the house, where we placed her in bed, and used our utmost exertions towards her recovery. After some time, she opened her eyes —"Where am I?"—cried she. "With friends," said I, extending my hands towards her. "Will you promise to hide me?" cried she—"here comes my enemy; I hear his voice—will you not hide me from him? shall I not be again shut up in that horrid dungeon?—will you give me my child?—O, no? you cannot —he comes, he comes!"—and she hid herself under the bed-cloathes. I endeavoured to compose her mind; I sent for a surgeon, who bled her; and, having administered a dose of opium, she grew more collected. In a few days, her mind became gradually tranquilized, and the fever intirely left her, except when she attempted to recollect any of the former scenes of her life; then, indeed, a temporary derangement followed, and was succeeded by deep gloom and melancholy. —The form of this amiable, but unfortunate being, was moulded by the hand of grace and symmetry; and though the frame was wasted almost to a skeleton, yet its touching interest still remained. Her face exhibited evident marks of former beauty, untimely nipped by the hands of disease and sorrow; she appeared scarcely more than seven-and-twenty. The agitation and alarm I had recently undergone, hastened the hour of my confinement, and I was delivered of a son, who was privately baptized by the names of Donald Nelson, agreeable to the wish of my venerable friend.

The fair stranger, (for so I shall call her) would not be prevailed on to reveal to us her name; and, if questioned concerning her birth, gave vague and unintelligible answers, frequently calling herself "The Sad of Heart,"—or the "Daughter of Tears," or by other fanciful epithets: once she said, "I have no name;—the wind whistled, the tempest howled, and the storm fell on my bosom; my head ached, my heart was cold, my love was gone, an angel came and comforted me; he pulled out the thorn which eat into my vitals—but he also is gone—the foul fiend took him—he went towards the west."—She held her hand before her eyes for some moments, then rested her head on it; when again recurring to her former thoughts, she continued—"To the whirldwind, which blew all that night, they exposed him; but you have promised me, that I shall not see that hag any more—the fiend too, let him not find me—God, you know, hateth a liar; you know you have said you will keep me from him."—"Yes," replied I, much moved, at the same time taking her by the hand, "I here promised you never to resign you to your enemy; I will do every thing in my power to restore your peace of mind." A strange kind of sympathy attracted me towards this poor young woman—I strove to soothe her afflictions, and my kindness was not unrewarded; she appeared thankful, and, during my confinement, she scarcely ever quitted me.

At this period, I received a letter from my lord: he told me, he should return in a few days. The stranger was playing with my babe, when I read it to Mrs. Nelson, she shrieked violently, sprang to me, and caught away the letter, in the same moment pressed it to her bosom, looked earnestly at it, and sank senseless at my feet. She continued for some time in that situation, strong convulsions followed; and when at length she recovered from them, she appeared to have relapsed into the wildest insanity, pale, dejected, and dispirited; the following day we could scarcely prevail on her to speak, and at night she contrived to steal from the hall without our knowledge—a paper was found in her chamber written all over, it was as follows:——

"O God! my misery is then complete! yet thou art happy, soul of my love; I feel, I know thou art happy, as thou art innocent.—Most virtuous of women, pray for me! When thou liftest up thy prayers to the throne of Grace, pray for the wretched Katie.—Pray also for him the most deceived of men.—O, my sad heart! how it beats—it bursts, it throbs —this then, thou little flatterer, is thy recompence—this is thy reward, for all thy countless hoard of tenderness; long years have passed, yet misery remains.—Alas, time flieth! but, alas, peace flieth with it! tears cease to flow, for the fountain which gave them birth, is dried up—the brain aches, it cracks, it rends, it falls!—What am I?—Where am I?—Who am I?—and who art thou which strivest to heal my sorrow?—Sad is my heart—away, I know not consolation, beguile me not—thou hast defrauded me of my love—restore him to me.—Give me back the husband of my youth—restore to me the sun of my felicity.—O, thou fascinating rival, render me back my love! Ah, too well did I feel the resemblance between him and thy babe! too well did I know the counterpart of my poor Donald; fatal, terribly did my sad heart forbode—I sought my love, in misery sought him—I have found him in the arms of another!—Man is given to change, woman to believe and be undone!—Mourn thou sad of heart, miserable Katie mourn! thou art lost for ever, thou canst not even hope!—O God, let the phial of wrath, be all exhausted on Katie, and let Clanrick smile in peace!"

My heart sunk within me as I perused this paper, which was evidently not meant for my eyes; a fatal conviction of the truth flashed on my senses, and curdled my blood with horror; I sank senseless on the ground—it was some time ere the efforts of Mrs. Nelson recovered

me; then I disclosed my surmises, my fears to her. She treated them as childish, and chimerical; yet at the same time hinted at the propriety of seeking the poor wanderer, and endeavouring to fathom the mystery in which she appeared enveloped; after much difficulty we discovered her disguised in the hut of a peasant, some miles from the hall.—We then found, indeed, that she was Katie Macdonald, the true wife of Newark! I intreated the poor wanderer to return to the hall, while I prepared to quit Scotland for ever; purposing to retire to some secluded spot, where with my children and my kind friend, I might yet find peace; but Mrs. Nelson represented to me the propropriety of leaving my boy to the care of his father; a long time I wavered between doubt and resolution, when I once again bespoke the friendship and affection of Lady Newark for my child; and, leaving Mrs. Nelson with her to wait his lordship's return, I departed. Katie intreated me to stay, she assured me that she would consent to bury herself in some obscure retreat, where Newark might never hear of her existence; but I again urged the criminality of this step—"While I was ignorant of your existence," said I, "my affection for Newark was virtuous, it can be no longer so; I leave you then, my fair friend, in firm confidence, that my Donald will be to you the Donald you have lost; recompence to him the loss of his mother—watch over his youth with assiduous care—cherish him for my sake, as well as his father's.—Ah! my friend, I have not a doubt but you will soon be happy!—I have heard Newark's lamentations for your loss, his animated praises of your person—have seen his delight when he has recounted your numerous virtues; I know also his manly, his generous temper, and am confident, that in his bosom, your care-worn heart will find peace and consolation." She pressed my hand between her's as I concluded, and falling on her knees, exclaimed—"The Almighty protect or abandon my Donald, as I protect or abandon thine! Yes, sweet babe! the remembrance of thy mother's virtues shall shield thee from distress, while thine own innocence shall be to me a source of truest love, the fondest affection—not mine own offspring shall be dearer to my heart, than thy Donald!"

We bade each other adieu, and I tore myself away from my sweet child, who I left with Lady Newark, and Mrs. Nelson; I fixed myself in this spot where I have continued ever since.—Lord Newark settled on me three hundred a year, and on my Clara, five thousand pounds,—In a few weeks, Mrs. Nelson joined us, and gave me the welcome information of my child's health, and Lady Newark's perfect recovery.—She brought me the inclosed manuscript and letter.

THE LETTER.

"I KNOW not in what language to address you, my kind friend; yet I will, I must call you my preserver, the foundress of my happiness.—Your sweet Donald is well, the kind being who brings this to you will inform you how I perform the trust reposed in me—the boy is engaging as his mother, and the united resemblance he bears to both his parents, cannot fail to awaken and deserve my fondest love—the Almighty has surely sent him to supply to me the place of my own Donald.—Newark is all that the fondest heart can wish; yet I need not recount his virtues to you.—O what fortitude did you possess to separate yourself from him! My feeble mind could not sustain itself under the pressue of calmity—how much are you my superior!—Alas! you rise above me in every thing.—Accept the inclosed for your Clara.—I hope soon to behold you.—I have sent the history of my former sufferings.—Ah! my friend, what wonder that my weak senses were over-set.

"KATIE NEWARK."

The manuscript appeared to have been written intirely for the perusal of Lord Newark, and began as will follow, in the next chapter.

EARLY PRACTICE.

THE first proof which the late Mr. Tomkison the lawyer of Namptwich, in Cheshire, gave of that professional acuteness with which he afterwards raised a splendid fortune, was on the last night of his clerkship; when the gentleman to whom he was articled and himself, were at an inn on the road to the Chester assizes, where the clerk thus addressed his master. "Sir, as we are now alone and, it will be some hours before bed-time, and I shall be a free man to-morrow, I claim a promise you have repeatedly made, to tell me *what are the three chief points of the law?*" "On condition that you pay for supper," replied the lawyer, "I will." "Agreed," said the Tyro, and the lawyer ordered the people of the inn to furnish the very best supper that they could, and not mind the expence:" "And now young man," added he, "shut the door, that no one may hear us, and mark *me*. The first point of the law is *evidence;* the second, *evidence;* the third, *evidence!*" "Thank you," said Tomkison. "You are welcome," replied the lawyer, "and now to supper, *e'en with what appetite you may*, for you are to pay for it, and there my boy you are *had*,—but when you are as old as I am, you will know how to make a better bargain."

Supper came in due time, and the lawyer invited a bevy of his brethren who were at the same inn, to partake with him, and drink success to the young solicitor who was to stand treat. This they willingly did, and it being *at free cost*, each man drank wine and punch in abundance, and after toping most part of the night, retired to rest.

In the morning, when all the travellers were assembled in the great parlour, and preparing to depart, the landlord made his *entre* with the bill, and presented it to Tomkison's master, who, after having looked at the sum total, handed it to his clerk. The clerk, instantly returned it with a "Sir, I have nothing to do with it!" "Nothing to do with it! nothing to do with it; why you will not be such a scoundrel!—Did not you agree to pay for it, pray? and most certainly *you shall.*" "Sir," replied young Latitat with the utmost gravity, *before I do*, it will be necessary that you produce the *evidence* of which you talked so much last night."

A STRANGE TITLE.

A pamphlet published in the year 1734 has the following strange title. "The *deformity* of Sin cured; a sermon, preached at St. Michael's, Crooked lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. *J. Crookshanks.* Sold by Matthew Denton, at the *Crooked Billet* near Cripplegate, and by all other booksellers. The words of the text are, "*Every crooked path shall be made straight;* and the prince before whom it was preached, though easy in his manners, was *deformed* in his person.

ANECDOTE.

AN agreeable man and of a merry disposition, but very poor, finding, one night, some thieves in his house, told them, without putting himself in a passion, I cannot imagine what you expect to find in my house in the night time, since I can fine nothing in it myself in the day time.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY
In August, 1804;
OR,
HOLIDAY-CONVERSATION,
ON
HAPPINESS.
(continued)

CHARACTERS.

Rurilla,	*Juvenia,*	*Lucinda,*	*Vanessa,*
Olivia,	*Marianna,*	*Cecilia,*	*Celestina.*

SCENE—*Banks of the Schuylkill:*—TIME—*Mid-day*

MARIANNA.

JUVENIA,—'tis with pleasure, I confess,
I hear your sentiments on Happiness;
Since you, that fleeting fugitive to find,
Have tried two states of life, diverse in kind:
But, how much greater would that pleasure be,
If, on the whole, I could with you agree!
That early childhood, with its plays and toys,
Has its delights, and its peculiar joys,
Frankly I own; for, as those scenes you drew,
Fondly my mind and feelings went with you:
As you pursued the theme, unfolding more,
I seem'd to act my little pastimes o'er;
And, have no doubt all ladies present here
Own your description just, with heart sincere;
Since all, alike have had their infant days,
Their sports, their joys, their pastimes, and their plays.
But yet your reasons can't my judgment press,
To call that state a state of Happiness;
Because, it has its troubles, cares, and strife,
Like ev'ry other state of human life;
Except the *next succeeding*, which, to me,
Was all delight, was all felicity.
Oh! it gives raptures! when I but survey
The flow of spirits I had, night and day,
Without remission; thought dare not step in,
Nor care, nor grief, to mar the jovial scene,
Don't you anticipate?—I know you do—
The blissful season that I now review.
Oh, 'twas, indeed, when I at school was plac'd—
"At school?"—it might, with some surprise, be ask'd.
Why, yes, at school—but not at that dull school,
Which makes the girls low-spirited by rule,
Call'd Education's School: where they must stay,
In order sit, and hold their tongue, all day;
And, 'stead of learning how to cut a dash,
Only to learn some nonsense, or some trash,
Such as Geography,—Arithmetic,—
And Grammar—but, dear me! they made me sick.
There was such fuss about the sun, and moon,
And stars, and planets,—twilight, night and noon.—
Comets with fiery tails,—and worlds that roll
Round worlds—and many other things as droll—
And then we had to tell of lands and seas,
And longitude and latitude degrees,—
And quarters of the earth, climates and zones,
Empires, republics, kingdoms, kings and thrones—
And then we had to puzzle our poor brains,
In counting barley corns, and drachms, and grains,
Scruples, and pipes, and butts, and feet, and pence,—
With all such jumbles, shocking to all sense—
Nor was our task yet finish'd; for we next
With crabbed Parts of Speech were sore perplex'd:
Noun, pronoun, participle, adverb, verb,
And so forth, that would e'en a Job disturb.
Our heads were cramm'd with all such *useless* stuff:
But, thank my stars! I soon got tir'd enough:
And soon my parents took me home again,
Because I with Mamma thus reason'd plain—
"My dear Mamma! now don't you think these schools
Of Education only make us fools?
For my part, I can see no good at all
In what some thoughtless people *Learning* call.
LEARNING AND KNOWLEDGE!—why, what can they teach?
Not that best art, *the art of getting rich.*
They cannot give us *beauty*, nor design
The certain way to *dress* both gay and fine.
They cannot teach th' attractive *air*, or *walk*,
To catch all eyes, and be the gen'ral talk;
Nor gain that *admiration*, which we all
So dearly love, and sigh for, great and small.
For instance—Of what use will be to me
Grammar?—Arithmetic? Geography?
For, these, few of our gay young fellows know;
And they'll not catch a fortune, or a beau:
Nor are they useful, as some highly rate;
Because the Fashionable, Rich and Great,
Despise them all, as mean and abject trash
Compar'd to wealth *the ton!—the go!—the dash!*
There's MRS. SHINE,—she scarce can count up 4;
And yet you see her coffers running o'er:
Her daughter, too, who never learn'd to write,
Hosts of admirers has, from morn till night.
There's MISS FLIRTILLA,—she no Grammar knows;
And yet, she is the toast of all the beaux:
Before we Grammar learn (I've heard her tell)
We ought to know the English language well.
There's MISS INNORA, too,—she never aught
Of Grammar, or Geography was taught;
And yet, she history, voyages, travels reads,
And all the girls in fluent talk exceeds;
By num'rous beaux is deem'd a paragon
Of beauty, wit and learning, all in one.
Why, then, should I be buried in this school,
Where Learning makes me gloomy, sad and dull;
When I might shine abroad, as gay attir'd,
As any girl and be as much admir'd?
Arithmetic won't teach me how to make
A prize of t' other sex without a stake;
Grammar won't teach what language I should use,
To gain such lover as my heart may choose;
Geography won't teach the places, where
The beaux and belles in mix'd assemblies are:
Nor all, nor any of them get me fame;
Nor, without money, ever raise my name.
And, without money, or a name extoll'd,
I'll drag out life, unnotic'd, till I'm old;
Because respect is, and will e'er be shewn,
Only where Riches, or where Fame is known,
And now, my dear Mamma, there is *one thing*,
That will your daughter into notice bring:
By which she will the world's whole wisdom know,
And gain more than all learning can bestow;
But, without which, the whole world's ample store,
To her, will scarcely be worth living for—
That one thing is—the dear, dear DANCING SCHOOL.
Which knows no dullness, and no sullen rule;
But there gay life, vivacity and joy,
Forever smiling, dance in ev'ry eye.
This is the only school for *life polite*,
Where Fashion forms her children day and night;
Where all genteel society is made,
The polish'd lady and the dashing blade:
By wond'rous magic of transforming pow'r
All are genteel who tread the dancing floor;
And, for all circles brilliant and polite,
Are qualified, and are accomplish'd quite.
Shall I, my dear Mamma, then go to this?
And I will"——here she met my wish with—"Yes."
Round me her arms in fond embrace she threw
With—"Marianna, as you please, child, do."
Oh! heart-transporting accents to the young!
To me,—diviner notes were never sung.
Immediately, to Dancing-School I flew:
True Happiness before I never knew;
Nor ever after prov'd the smallest share;
For there 'tis found complete, and only there.
Ladies,—I hope you'll kindly pardon me,
This long digression:—it would tedious be,
Did not your gen'rous feelings run with mine,
To blame all other schools and their design;
Which curb our wills, and with restraints so teaze
That we can never *do just as we please*,
And where we cannot, all the world agree,
There is not, cannot be, felicity.
To sum up all—At Dancing-School, I found,
My wishes all with Happiness were crown'd.
While mingling in the thousand pleasures there,
I never knew reflection, pain or care:
Nothing but gay ideas fill'd my mind;
Steps, practisings, balls, partners, all combin'd,
All days alike to cheer with new delights,
Which, in my dreams, blest too alike my nights,
Thus ev'ry happy moment flew so fast,
Ere I could count those moments they were past;
Still giving place to others, blithe as they,
Till life's most blissful period pass'd away:
This nothing left behind but deep regret,
That human bliss is of so short a date:
And,—when youth's sprightly season once is o'er,
Ah! hapless fate!—our bliss returns no more!

(to be continued.)

A READER'S GLEANINGS.—No. VII.

CAUTIONS, &c.

1. THE desire of improving one's circumstances ought never to lead to encroachment on the rights of others, whether natural or acquired. By the violation of the former, the fundamental principles of society are subverted; and, by that of the latter, the order necessary to its existence, is destroyed. Whoever, therefore, pretends to maintain any of the natural rights of man, by overturning that subordination and just order, which is the soul and life of society, defeats the very purpose which he has in view, and exhibits either egregious folly or egregious wickedness. In either case, he becomes a dangerous enemy to the public interest, who is to be restrained and punished, to prevent him both from injuring others by his practice, and corrupting them by his example. Such, however, is the intemperance of human passions, even those of the most generous kind, when they are strongly excited, that the ardor of liberty, and indignation at oppression, often hurry men to pursue a conduct directly repugnant to the principles of equity and beneficence which they profess—to oppress others when they are contending for freedom; to be most iniquitous in defence of justice; and,

with a view to promote the welfare of society, to overturn its foundations. Let the times in which we live, declare, in many instances, the truth of this assertion.

2. The duties of the station, which people already occupy, ought to limit their endeavors after advancement. The cooperation of every individual for the public good, must first display its energy in the sphere in which he moves, and be thence transmitted to the other parts of the social body. By neglecting the duties of his present station, a person with-holds the portion he is appointed to contribute to the general welfare, and, by encroaching on the province of others, may clog their exertion and frustrate their utility. To arrive at a more agreeable or more honorable station, the faithful discharge of the duties of a present one ought always to be the first means employed. When these are fulfilled, every fair and honest exertion is not only lawful, but even highly laudable, as the greatest activity of the parts then advances more effectually the prosperity of the whole. By embracing the opportunities which occur, and by exercising the talents with which men are endowed, they manifest their gratitude to Providence, and they improve its gifts to the greatest advantage.

3. The duties of any station to which men aspire, and their own ability to discharge them, ought to be consided before they attempt to obtain it. For, to occupy a station for which one has no capacity, or with the duties of which he is totally unacquainted, is both to expose his own folly, and to injure society, by betraying a trust which is committed to him. Hence, it is of the utmost consequence to acquire a complete knowledge of our own talents and qualities, which the generality of mankind are so apt to magnify, both to their own disgrace, and to the detriment of others. Inability to discharge the duties of any station, resulting whether from narrowness of understanding, from unhappiness of temper, or from infirmity of body, should be deemed an express declaration of the Divine will against the acquirement of it, and, of consequence, a boundary not to be passed.

4. Men's exertions to improve their condition should be influenced by the consideration of the enlargement, or the contraction, of their utility. From the light in which every man appears as a member of human society, to whose benefit he is bound to contribute in the most ample manner possible, it is plain that it can never be lawful for any one to change his present situation for another, in which his utility must be impaired. This is to prefer private to public interest, to pervert the quality of member, to demand more than is compensated, and to lose all that dignity and real enjoyment which result from the most extensive beneficence.

If, in the station desired, men may be equally useful, as in that in which they occupy, private interest may be allowed its full force. If, together with advancement, opportunities of utility increase, every private and public consideration happily unites in stimulating to the pursuit of it, and every generous heart will wish and applaud the success.

Thus, the rights of others, the duties of a present station, the talents requisite for a higher, and the more extensive utility, are the limits within which men ought to confine their exertions for the improvement of their circumstances. Thus, justice, diligence, ability, and public spirit, should be the constant attendants in the path of advancement, and the chief forwarders of the progress.

But, how little are these considerations regarded! When interest or pleasure are constituted the sole springs of action, every duty that has no tendency to advance their ends is neglected, and offices, instituted for the benefit of mankind, are shamefully preverted to their prejudice. When the project is formed of rising to preferment without regard to merit, birth, interest, or party-attachments, are the only valid grounds of pretension. To the most selfish considerations the most important interests of society are sacrificed. Before children can discover either inclination or capacity, offices are designed for them, and kept constantly in view; nor were this to be censured, if proper care were taken to give them a suitable education, and their destination changed, when their temper and talent were perceived to be incompatible with it. But these things are seldom much considered. Whatever be the genius or improvements of the person in question, he must move in the particular sphere which has been chosen for him. The public welfare is treated as a chimera, which it is the business of a man well skilled in the ways of the world to use as a color to varnish the most interested designs, but which none, but an enthusiastic or vulgar mind, can think of adopting as a real object of pursuit. When the public welfare, however, is obstructed, private happiness cannot long be enjoyed. For, as one chief cause of disorder and corruption, which so often lays waste civil society, is the little attention which is shewn to adapt men's condition to their abilities and tempers; so the misery of individuals frequently springs from the same source. Men moving in a sphere for which they were never designed by nature, soon grow disgusted with their lot, and, finding the duties of their station irksome and oppressive, either neglect them altogether, to their own irretrievable disgrace, or continue to discharge them in such a manner as is equally painful to themselves, and detrimental to others. Thus, Divine Providence takes vengeance on mankind for infringing its appointments, by allowing them to be bewildered in their errors, and the victims of their own infatuation.

PROBITY.

A French emigrant having obtained interest to get his name erased from the fatal list, after his expences were paid, found himself in possession of but a moderate sum. He returned to France, and finding his land sold, he was obliged to resign it, and purchased a cottage in the neighbourhood of his former estate, where, by cultivating his own little garden, he might at least breathe his native air, and walk under the shade of those trees which had been the scene of infant pastimes. The possesser of his domain was not present at the time; one day he received a letter from him announcing his arrival, and requesting the honour of his company to dinner with him. The first emotion this letter excited was indignation; the second curiosity; but how could he behold with *sang froid* the spoiler of his property? The emigrant communicated his embarrasment to one of his neighbours, who assuring him of the probity of the possessor, persuaded him to go on the day appointed; he went, and was received with the most marked politeness; he testified his astonishment and expressed a wish for an explanation, but was answered with, "Sir, I never speak on business before dinner; it is now served up, take your seat." When the emigrant took up his napkin, he found under it three keys. "This is your place, Sir, I imagine." "No, those keys are your's; after dinner I will explain this enigma to you." The dinner appeared

long to the emigrant; after which, going into another room, the gentleman addressed him as follows; "Sir, these keys belong to your bureau; you will find every thing as you left it; money, jewels, and papers, nothing has been misplaced; this is the key of your wardrobe; your plate, your linen is there; this third is that of your cellar; nothing has been taken out of it but the wine we have just been drinking; all here belongs to you; there is also some land which I have acquired, of which these deeds will put you in possession." "But Sir," said the emigrant, "I ought to be as delicate as you, and reimburse you what you paid for it." "No, Sir; for three years I have enjoyed the revenue of your estate; therefore, according to strict justice, I shall remain in your debt."

From an English Paper.

LAMENTATIONS,

By Stephen Sorrowful.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM an insulated being, called Old Bachelor; a creature wearysome to myself and beloved by no one. I have spent the noon of my days in a single state, from the dread of incurring the expense incident to a married life, with a woman who had nothing: and now sorely do I repent that I had not generosity enough to overlook this consideration in favour of a charming girl that I truly loved, and who wanted nothing but fortune to recommend her. I was a clerk to her father, when a merchant of great respectability, but some years after greatly reduced by the unfortunate turn of affairs in the late contest between us and America. When he failed I was settled in the world, and might have saved his amiable girl from many years of fatigue and distress into which their poverty immersed them; but with a *sang froid* for which I now detest myself, I then stood aloof, tore my thoughts from the sweet Eliza, and driving forward into the heart of the city, determined to lose myself in the recesses of counting houses and the accumulation of money; thus avoiding all the expenses of a family for which I deemed the society of an elegant and affectionate woman by no means an equivalent. Alas! Mr. Editor, I now see how I miscalculated; how much such a partnership would have been for my advantage in the long run. I now put the mutual participation of pleasure and pain, the endearments of our children, that flattering interest which Eliza would have taken in me (for whom, by the way, nobody now cares a straw); I put all these on the credit side of the leger, and find in the opposite page only such a portion of expenses as I have actually brought upon myself, by being drawn to give tavern dinners, and a thousand other extravagancies that young men know not how to avoid. You will easily see, when a just account is made out, what I have gained, or rather what I have lost. Instead of the bright heart and smiling faces of my family, instead of sitting down in the midst of beings who owe life to me, and portioning out their little meal with the delicious sensations of a father, I take my solitary chop at the coffee house, and afterwards saunter to the theatre, where venal beauty spreads her net and I am caught? Alas! here is no mind, here is no modesty to make sentiments interesting. After having seen a public entertainment with Eliza, with what delight might we have passed the remainder of the evening! her taste and sensibility would have made us live the hours over again with additional pleasure; her bosom would have been my harbour in the storms of life, and there should I have found resources from *ennui* in the calm season of prosperity; in the day of sickness her voice could have whispered comfort, and, in my dying hour, the pure invocations of my children might have availed me at the throne of grace. What a sad reckoner have I been Mr. Editor! I am now as gray as a badger, and have not a single relative in the world; I have long retired from business but my fortune brings me no enjoyment, my dog leads nearly as rational a life; I eat, drink, and sleep, alternately as he does, for I now fear to become the prey of some indigent dame, who would overlook my gray hairs and infirmities, in consideration of coming in for a third of my wealth, and therefore avoid such commerce with the sex, from which, though I might once have derived happiness, I can now only expect trick, or at least ridicule. But what can a man do who has let avarice run away with him in his youth, when all the social affections should have been at their out posts to prevent it? All that remains for such a man (after the example of a culprit going to execution,) is to warn the multitude how they fall into this error; to assure them that the good which is not participated is not half enjoyed; and that those who abandon a young woman from motives like mine, as they do not deserve happiness, so they never will obtain it. And moreover, Mr. Editor, if you print this, please to add, that an equal mixture of love and prudence forms the only and most delicious conserve they will have the faculty of relishing all their life long; either, taken seperately, is prejudicial; one being too austere, and the other too sweet: they must be blended, to render them happily affective, and if any persons have skill enough to make up the composition after my recipe, I shall not have bemoaned myself, nor you have inserted this in vain.

I am,
Sir, yours, &c.
STEPHEN SORROWFUL.

MANNERS OF THE CEYLONESE.

From Percival's *Account of that Island.*

"THE women are not so tall in proportion as the men; they are much fairer, and approach to a yellow or mulatto colour. They continually anoint their bodies with cocoanut oil; and in particular always keep their hair moist with it. Both sexes are remarkably clean and neat both in their persons and houses. In dressing their victuals they are scrupulously nice. They are cautious not even to touch the vessel out of which they drink with their lips; but (what would seem a very awkward method to an European) they hold the vessel at some distance over their heads, and literally pour the drink down their throats. It is perhaps from the fear of not doing it with sufficient dexterity that they never use their left hand in preparing their food, or in eating it. While at meals, they seldom converse with each other: they even seem to look upon the whole business of eating as something rather required by necessity, than very consistent with decency: while drinking they never turn their faces towards each other.

"In their diet they are exceedingly abstemious; fruits and rice constitute the chief parts of their food. In some places, where fish abounds, they make it a portion of their meals, but scarcely any where is flesh in common use.

"The Ceylonese are courteous and polite in their demeanour, even to a degree far exceeding their civilization. In several qualities they are greatly superior to all other Indians who have fallen within the sphere of my observation. I have already exempted them from the

censure of stealing and lying, which seem to be almost inherent in the nature of an Indian. They are mild, and by no means captious or passionate in their intercourse with each other; though when once their anger is roused, it is proportionably furious and lasting. Their hatred is indeed mortal, and they will frequently destroy themselves to obtain the destruction of the detested object.—One instance will serve to shew the extent to which this passion is carried. If a Ceylonese cannot obtain money due to him by another, he goes to his debtor and threatens to kill himself if he is not instantly paid.—This threat, which is sometimes put into execution, reduces the debtor, if it be in his power, to immediate compliance with the demand; as by their law if any man causes the loss of another man's life, his own is the forfeit. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," is a proverbial expression continually in their mouths. This is on other occasions a very common mode of revenge among them; and a Ceylonese has often been known to kill himself in the company of his enemy, that the latter might suffer for it.

"This dreadful spirit of revenge, so inconsistent with the usual mild and humane sentiments of the Ceylonese, and much more congenial to the bloody temper of a Malay, still continues to be fostered by the secret customs of the Candians. Among the Cinglese however it has been greatly mitigated by their intercourse with Europeans. The desperate mode of obtaining revenge, which I have just described, has been given up from having been disappointed of its object; as in all those parts under our dominion the European mode of investigation and punishing crimes are enforced."

BEES.

THE following method of putting, two hives of bees together, that are too light or too weak separate, for stocks, has been tried, and found successful;—Take one, two or more pounds of sugar (just as they stand in need of weight) put to each pound four ounces of water, heat them just sufficiently to make the sugar melt, put it into a bladder, to the neck of which tie the top part of a watering-pan spout, then at night, or early in the morning, turn your weakest hive bottom upwards, betwixt the pegs of the hive you wish to drive them into, first sitting the other hive down close by, then immediately pour the contents of the bladder all over these bees, it will make them neither fly nor fight; put the other hive upon them, mouth opposite mouth, they will all go down to clean them for the sake of the sugar, and by that means be familiarized: let them stand six days, then set the top hive in its proper place, knock out the bees that remain in any distant part of the garden, and they will all join the other hive.

From a late London Paper.

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT.

ON Sunday week, in the afternoon, a young lady, handsome in person, and of prepossessing manners, alighted from a single horse at the King's Arms in Leeds, while taking off her riding dress, a pistol fell to the floor, which she took up with a great deal of *nonchalance*, and begged to be directed to the house of a certain excise officer, resident in Leeds. Having received the directions, she requested a man to knock at the door, while she stood rather concealed, and, as the man afterwards discovered, with a pistol in her hand. Mr. —— was not at home, but a message was left, requesting he would call at the inn on his return, and orders were given by the lady that he should be shown into her room, and told that a *gentleman* wanted him. All this time she kept the pistol, and at intervals betrayed consideable agitation. Mr. —— did not call till the morning, and the innkeeper apprehending mischief, had previously got the pistol into his possession. When the excise officer appeared, he was shown into the room where the lady sat, and the fair heroine, as soon as she was able to speak, rated him severely for violating his promises, by marrying another, and that too, as Shakespeare says, after having given her, "a child for her cradle, without a husband for her bed."

The trembling culprit, half petrified with the storm that his inconstancy raised, endeavoured to palliate his conduct; this only increased the lady's indignation, and at length losing sight of all decorum, she seized the poker, and levelled a tremendous blow at the offender's head; this he had the address to ward off, and the inn-keeper, who was at hand, rushed into the room, disarmed the fair warrior, and withdrew, taking with him the offensive weapon.—Tears and reiterated charges of baseness followed, and the perfidious lover was glad to take an opportunity that the opening of the door presented to make a precipitate retreat.

INVENTION.

A NEW invented carriage called *velocifere*, drawn by four horses, passed lately through the Elysian fields in Paris. It carried no less than 35 passengers, and will be no longer than 36 hours going from Paris to Lyons, a distance of 110 leagues, or 330 English miles. This curious invention promises to be of the greatest advantage, both for their commercial and military transports. The inventor has obtained an Imperial patent.

FASHIONS never die; they only go to sleep, to awake again. Have you a pair of your great-great-great grand-mother's ear-rings? Wear them, they are all the rage at Paris.

Philadelª, *Nov.* 24, 1804.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,

WITH your permission, I will take the liberty to state, in reply to a paragraph in the last Repository, that the people called Quakers have no general fund out of which Tythes, Priests' Demands and Church Rates are paid. Their reasons for non-compliance with these and military requisitions may be seen at large in all their writings treating of the principles of the Society. So far from voluntarily satisfying these demands, directly or indirectly, the Society will disown a Member who pays them. In the circular annual Epistle from the Society in London for 1803, it is expressly requested that "Friends, if occasion should occur, would contradict an opinion which sometimes prevailed among the public, that the Society repays the sufferers. *No such practice has ever existed*" I feel anxious for the preservation of the character of consistency in the Society of which I am a Member, although but a HICKORY QUAKER.

MARRIED—On Saturdy evening 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoller, Mr. *Charles Tarrace*, to Miss *Bush*, both of this city.

—— On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Pillmore, Mr. *James Hooper*, to Miss *Mary Steele*, both of Germantown.

—— On the 12th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein Mr. *James M'Ilhenny* to Miss *Eloisa Gebbler*, all of this city.

—— At New-York, on Monday morning last, Mr. *C. B. Brown*, of this city, to Miss *Elizabeth Linn*, eldest daughter of the Rev. Doctor Wm. Linn, of that city.

—— On Wednesday evening 14th inst. at New York, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. *Jonathan Smith*, aged 17, to Miss *Rebecca Van Norton*, aged 16, all of that city.

Subscribers will please to take notice, that the twelfth payment of 25 cents will be collected by the carriers on Saturday next.

Temple of the Muses.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

YOU bid me write, I'm willing to obey,
And take my pen in hand without delay:
I strive my scatter'd ideas to collect,
With care arrange, and to the point direct:
But thoughts come not at call, my stupid mind,
To hitching rhymes, seems wholly disinclined.
Then on *my* head let not the blame descend,
Since I can make none of the Nine my friend;
In vain I bow at their frequented shrine—
In vain I pray for one fine-sounding line.
Deaf to my pray'r, they laugh at my request—
And I, you know, must bow to their behest.
Then I will send, Sir (I can do no more)
I'll send you, Sir, a piece I wrote before,
And wait with patience till some happier day,
When they again shall prompt my humble lay.

—— ADELIO.

THE FAREWELL.

FAREWELL my love, my soul's far dearest treasure—
Farewell the pleasing scenes so dear to me—
Me, who must bid adieu to ev'ry pleasure,
And mourn their loss in climes beyond the sea.

Farewell my native fields, ye fragrant bowers,
Thro' your blest shades my feet no more shall rove;
Long shall I mourn the dear departed hours,
When bless'd with her my soul must ever love.

Thou glowing orb, thou witness of my sorrow—
From this dear spot no more I'll thee behold;
For, ere thy light shall yield the skies to-morrow,
Far other scenes shall to my view unfold.——

A boundless waste—where long my eyes may wander
In search of her whose image fills my soul;
While wak'ning Reason bids me sadly ponder—
And stay wild Fancy's flights 'neath her controul.

A waste disturb'd by storms, whose swelling surges
May hurl me where no pain shall rack me more—
Where I shall cease to dread the cause that urges
Me from my love, and 'my dear native shore.'

Far from my home, no happiness enjoying;
Far, far from thee I'm doom'd to pass my prime,
In a dread land, where pestilence destroying,
Adds to the terrors of a burning clime.

Perhaps to groan 'neath torturing diseases;
Where thy sweet voice no more shall soothe my pain;
Then shall I mourn the pestilential breezes,
That blow deceitful o'er the scorched plain.

Stretch'd on my bed with many a woe oppressed,
Oft shall I mourn, dear maid, the loss of thee,
Or hail with joy that solemn moment, blessed,
When Death's kind hand from pain shall set me free.——

But while I speak the fav'ring gale is blowing,
And fast the vessel hastens from the shore:
Ere with the sun's last rays the skies are glowing,
Thee, dearest maid, I shall behold no more.

Oh, then, *farewell!* whatever griefs distress *me*,
Thee may each joy and happiness attend;
Ah, never may the woes of life oppress thee,
May'st thou ne'er feel the sorrows of thy friend.

ADELIO.

CUPID's REVENGE.

AS I was walking in the fair,
Free from *Love*, free from care,
Puff'd up with my felicity,
That whilst most men felt Cupid's pow'r,
I still enjoy'd each hour,
My books and sports in pleasing *liberty*.

Cupid, that malicious boy,
Who makes our woes his joy,
Enraged to find his sway contemn'd,
Draws strait his surest bow and flies
To *Cinthia's* conquering eyes,
Resolv'd to see his deity revenged.

And as he meant, she shot my heart,
With such a fiery dart,
As quite destroy'd my liberty:
Then with a smile that cut me most,
Go fool, said he, now boast,
Thy books, thy sports and thy *felicity*.

STRANGE FEELINGS.

NEAR yonder cot upon the Moor,
Whose grey smoke winds in many a curl,
I met, this morn a lovely girl,
Knitting beside the cottage door.

With many a modest damsel oft,
I've squander'd foolishly my time,
Play'd with their hands and cheeks so soft,
Or hitch'd them up in many a rhyme.

But when I turn'd to go away,
My bosom felt no trickling pain,
And scarcely did I hear them say,
"I'd thank you sir, to call again."

But when I saw this lass so fair,
Her floating eye so blue and round,
It's lustre I could no more bear,
But bashful look'd upon the ground.

My jealous pride then took alarm;
"Face her," it wisper'd o'er and o'er;
"Look up, she cannot do thee harm,
Did'st thou ne'er see a girl before."

Rous'd from the dream, I rais'd my hat,
And thought some civil thing to say;
I look'd, my heart went *pit a pat*,
And glad was I to get away.

Yet tho' I hurried from her sight,
Rove wheresoe'er my footsteps will,
That full blue eye, that face so bright,
Will haunt me like a spectre still.

THE MAID OF THE GROVE.

I OFT beheld beauty with tender delight,
But ne'er did I yield to its sway,
Till the charms of fair Anna first beam'd on my sight,
When I look'd my fond heart quite away.
Whence this angel resistless? said I to myself,
That a captive so sudden I prove;
In the breeze of soft spring, whisper'd some rural sylph,
'Tis Anna, the Maid of the Grove.

She fled—but, alas! I was doom'd to remain
In the fetters of love—so forlorn:
Ye Nymphs of the Grove, will she pass here again?
O! say, will see ever return?
If not, her dear image imprest on my soul,
Gives me to the frenzy of love;
Which the presence of Anna alone could controul,
Sweet Anna, the Maid of the Grove.

Though dejection dissuaded—hope bade me pursue,
And pierce the recess of the shade;
On the wings of a lover transported I flew
But found not the fugitive maid.
Then farewel the sex, since my Anna is gone—
I'm now the sad victim of love:
For with her the pleasures of life are all flown,
With Anna, the Maid of the Grove.

EPIGRAM.

DICK on his wife could not bestow
One tear of sorrow when she died:
Her life had made so many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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